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— CONTENTS —

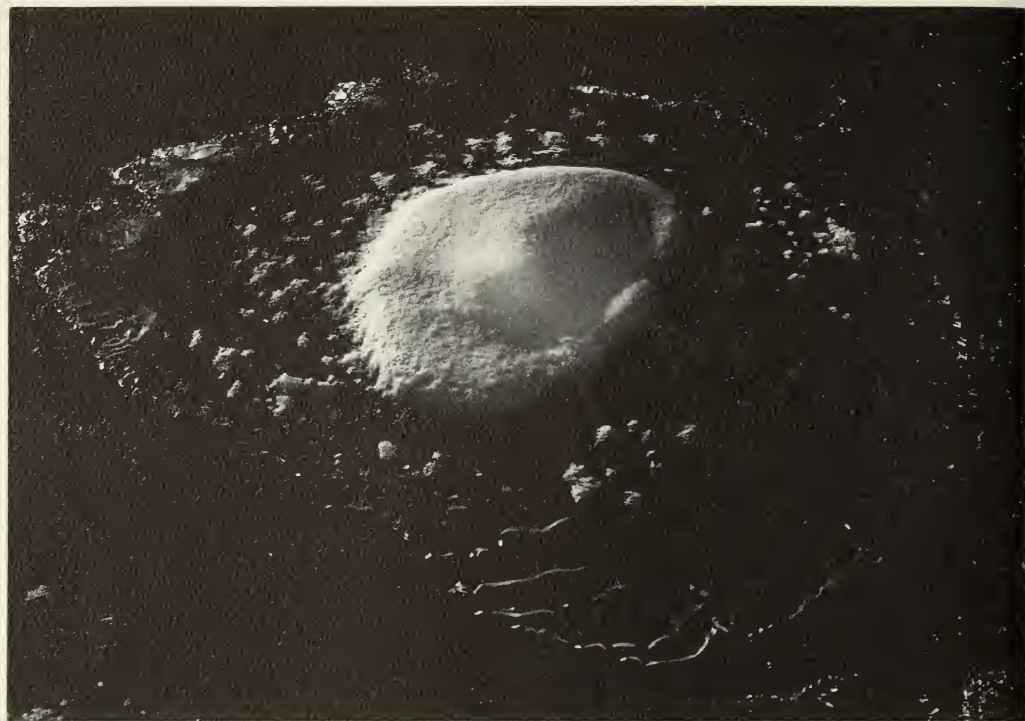
Cover	Lucinda Leach '73
Frontispiece	Lorraine Utter '73
Au Courant	Jeffie Bloch '71
2	Beatriz McConnie, '71
3	Jane Harlan, '71
4	Taschas Wasilewski, '71
5	Sally Browning, '71
6	Candi Kattar, '71
7	Sally Browning, '71
8	Linda Horowitz, '72
12	Caitlin Owen, '71
13	Judith Webster, '73
14	Barbara Pynchon, '72
15	Abby Johnson, '71
16	Caitlin Owen, '71
17	Linda Hynson, '71
18	Anne Rappaport, '71
19	Amy Schmertzler, '72
20	Jane Harlan, '71
21	Joyce Johnson, '72

22	Caitlin Owen, '71
23	Merry Weidenman, '72
24	Jeffie Bloch, '71
25	Dan Stone (Phillips Academy), '72
31	Lorraine Utter, '73
32	Elly Mish, '72
33	Lillian Coolidge, '71
34	Linda Hynson, '71
35	Sue Baybutt, '71
36	Lynn Comley, '71
37	Lucy Viele, '71
38	Sally Browning, '71
39	Bob Horvitz, faculty
43	Jeffie Bloch, '71
44	Caitlin Owen, '71
45	Toddy Walker, '71
46	Barbara Pynchon, '72
47	Ginny Carter, '73
48	Sue Baybutt, '71
49	Brian Davidson, faculty
51	Anonymous
52	Lucy Viele, '71

53	Annie Hyde,	'71
54	Helen Coxe,	'72
55	Caitlin Owen,	'71
56	Deborah Huntington,	'71
57	Lucy Viele,	'71
62	Abbie Owen,	'73
63	Jeffie Bloch,	'71
64	Linda Hynson,	'71
65	Sue Baybutt,	'71
66	Caitlin Owen,	'71
67	Lillian Coolidge,	'71
68	Helen Coxe,	'72
70	Lucy Viele,	'71
71	Abbie Owen,	'73
73	Linda Hynson,	'71
74	Helen Coxe,	'71
75	Abby Johnson,	'71
76	Cathy Curtis (12 years old)	
77	Caitlin Owen,	'71
80	Lucy Viele,	'71
81	Lynn Comley,	'71
End Piece	Mimi Walker,	'71



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AU COURANT

KITE

a dime or quarter
traded for tissue, wood and string
a bit of time, energy and sweat
to see that free, fragile, fantastic
flying machine.

— Jeffie Bloch



I know that I am that birds sing for green leaves
 burst forth in praise of sun

 that forest creatures tell their secrets
 to babbling baby brooks
 who cool their dusty tongues

 that shriveled autumn burns in all colour
 - - a self-offering to rich darkness of earth

 that snowflakes live an eternity of joy
 in one second of unique intricacy

 that suns must ever bleed and die
 for the coming of blackness

I know that I am that Water is for Earth
 is for Sky is for Water

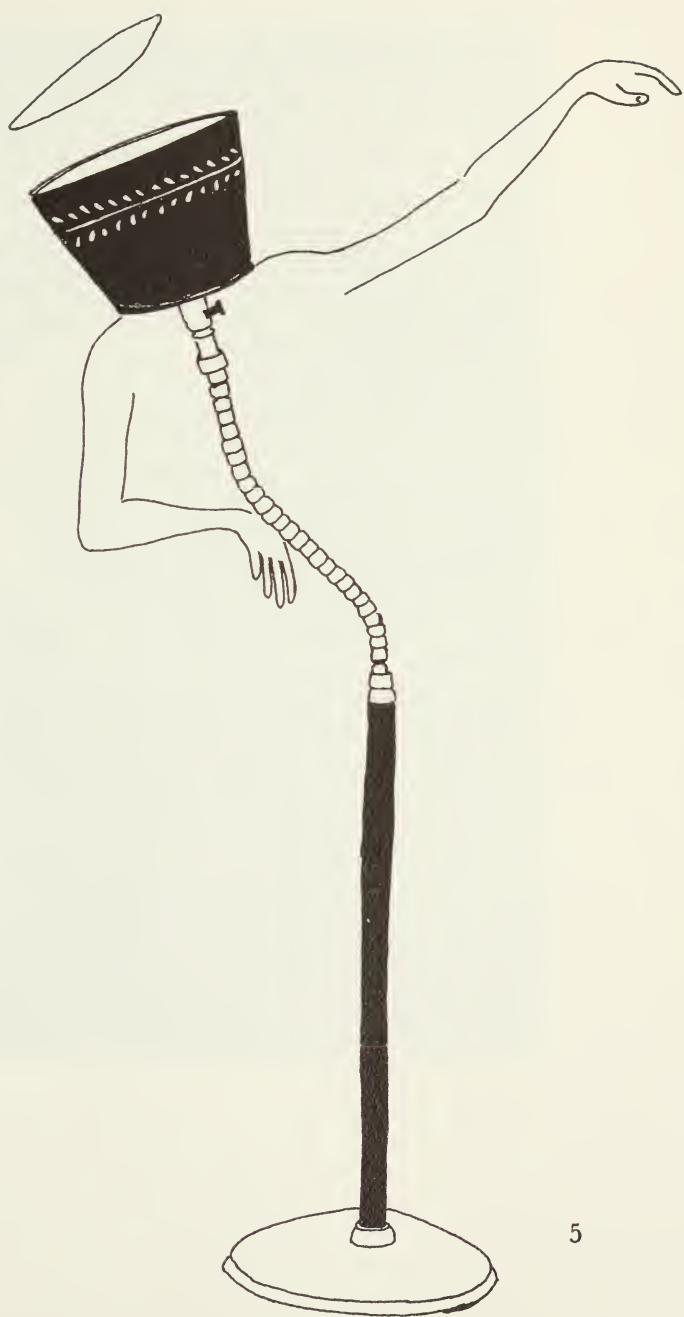
 that every pebble, bubble and worm
 lives to give

— Jane Harlan

ON GOING TO SCRATCH AND CONTEMPLATING A SONG TO BE WRITTEN

A spiral of cigarette smoke
rises
and curls
to reach the lofty ceilings
in lonely and embarrassed vulgarity.
Old ladies, with blue-white hair
And fur coats that come from the depths of cupboards
Of mothballs and
smell as if they do,
Chatter and love the
Cultural Atmosphere.
Culture attracts old ladies
in surprising numbers.
The chatter stops and the music begins.
Gloved fingers beat the time so discreetly:
Eyes closed in such obvious
Appreciation.
And an old lady in the back row
Sucks peppermints
raptly.
A movement ends, and a man claps
alone.
In scathing genteel silence, he falters
under the superior stares
Of old ladies who
Know Better.
And have known better
Concerts.
As they tell each other endlessly
On the way home.
When Culture has ended for another evening,
But not forever.
There is no end to Culture,
Or to old ladies.

—Taschas Wasilewski



Ashen veils of doubt, dispelled.
Our fateful dirge now silenced.
A lover's credo, homage paid;
sanctify, embrace.

The requiem of tears has ended.
The candle flame grows warm.
New love is born, assured of trust.
The prodigals have returned.

The sacrament of love performed;
Our altar damp with praise.
A lover's creed, kissed with grace;
innocent, reborn.

— Candi Kattar



With the click of a typewriter, she was done. Haphazardly, she tore the paper from the grasp of the machine, planted it down on the boss' desk and ran as if her life depended on it. Once on the street, she instantly flagged down a taxi and only when she was inside of it did she begin to breathe easier.

"Late for a date, eh lady?" queried the taxidriver.

"In a manner of speaking," was all that she replied.

The taxi drove up beside the ritzy Fifth Avenue apartment. The girl dashed out of the taxi and up the steps. As she opened up Apartment 9B, a gust of cold air greeted her.

"Hurry up and don your outfit and bib; your run is fifth," yelled one of the many people standing around.

"What kind of wax?" she asked.

"The usual."

5 4 3 2 1 GO! The first racer was off. Every second counts in this game. Slalom racing has the highest degree of risk of any of the Alpine events and is almost as dangerous as downhill. In slalom, where the gates are so close together, even small errors can be crucial, which explains the amount of falls and disqualifications. In slalom, if you take a gate too low, the chances are that you will not be able to correct your mistake by the time you encounter the next gate. That means that you will be even further off the course by the gate after that. You have consequently ruined your run, for soon you will not be able to take the gate at all. You will either fall or miss the gate.

5 4 3 2 1 GO! The second racer left the starting gate.

"Dominique, only two more people!"

"All right Karl. I'm coming."

Sure enough, she was skiing up to the starting posts.

"Now, be careful about that fourth gate, it's a little icy. The finishing gates should be in perfect condition by the time you take your run."

"Great!"

Tensely, she peered over the ledge, the third runner has started. Smiling to herself while planning her slalom strategy, she heard the fourth racer begin the course. She was next. Her nervousness reached a peak, and her hands began to tremble.

"Oh, Karl, what if I should fall or miss a gate? I just know I shall die!"

"Dominique, stop worrying. You'll do fine. Now get ready."

5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1 ... GO!!!!

Down, down, in, out, around: she was everywhere at once or so it seemed.

The heat was unbearable. Clinging vines so dense one had to literally cut his way through the foliage. Hair all straggly and her body full of sweat, Dominique wondered when they would reach the mission. She and her companions had been away from the mission for over a week now. They had been aiding one of the native tribes through an epidemic which had swept through the village. Finally, with the danger of further disease averted, the missionaries were heading home.

The Phillipine Islands have many deep jungles and the land on which the mission was situated was surrounded on three sides by jungle and on one side by water. The group was now trekking through one of the jungles. The air was heavy with a soft ululation. Here and there the sun's rays penetrated through a seemingly impervious shield of greenery. Hostile insects were swarming all over them constantly and there was a pungent air of death surrounding them. Just when Dominique was beginning to feel dubious as to whether or not the mission actually existed, they cited a structure sheltered by the jungle. It was the first aid station.

"Thank the Lord that we arrived here safely," Dominique thought.

But, as she wandered into the camp, she began to think otherwise. The mission was in a shambles and their equipment was strewn all over the place. Debris of what used to be a portable refrigerator lay on the ground. The whole situation was too ludicrous to be believed.

"Dominique, will you please go ahead and see how the rest of the mission suffered? We will be along shortly."

"Sure."

Straddling the detritus, Dominique crossed through the first aid station and once more entered the dense jungle in the direction of the main mission. The mission was located about one hundred yards north of the first aid station. As she walked, Dominique wondered just where she was, for the mission had not yet appeared and certainly, she had walked at least two hundred yards. She turned around hoping to glimpse it in the bushes. Alas, where was Dominique?

Plunging down the abyss, swirling notions entered her head. The walls - they were reaching out for her!

"Help me!" she was thinking.

But, no one but you and I can hear her, and we are not in a position to give her aid. Poor Dominique, seemingly destined to be errant for the rest of her life.

"Breakfast, dinner, tea; in extreme cases, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper, and a glass of something hot at bedtime. What care we take about feeding the lucky body! Which of us does as much for his mind? And what causes the difference? Is the body so much more the important of the two?"* so says the hookah smoking caterpillar that Dominique had just encountered.

"Where am I? asks she innocently, so like Alice of the story.

"Well, that depends on where you'd like to be," replies he.

"Where I am, I guess," said she.

"Then you need no help from me," and he disappeared.

Looking around her, calling for the caterpillar to return, she realizes that she is beginning to rise. To her utter amazement, she has plopped down upon a frothy cloud. Something rustled as her feet swished through the wispieness of the cloud. Her entire feeling was that of pure disbelief and of a certain light-headedness.

"Am I dead?" she wondered, "Is this what it is like? Impossible!"

As suddenly as she had started to rise, Dominique was now descending, rapidly. Down, down, in, out, around: she was everywhere at once or so it seemed.

"Miss Randolph, Miss Randolph . . . WAKE UP DOMINQUE!!! Will you please daydream on your own time and continue typing that report for me."

"Oh, yes sir. I'm sorry, sir."

"You may leave when you are through. Just place the paper on my desk."

"Of course, sir."

With the click of the typewriter, she was done. Haphazardly, she tore the paper from the grasp of the machine, planted it down on the boss' desk and ran as if her life depended on it. Once on the street, she instantly flagged down a taxi and only when she was inside of it did she begin to breathe easier.

"Late for a date, eh lady?" queried the taxidriver.

"In a manner of speaking," was all that she replied.

*Quote from Lewis Carroll's essay, **Feeding the Mind**

—Linda Horowitz



rain on the windows in opal droplets,
shut out with locks of tarnished brass
bunches of dried clover hanging from strings,
in muted shades of purple,
and china scent pots filled with rose petals and mint.

empty walls that peer out timidly,
from behind curly-edged wall paper,
and distorted reflections,
cast-off from a rippled glass mirror.

have a cup of tea, oh please do -
a pinch of orange and cinnamon added today -
oh please -
won't you stay?

mixed props and plots
characters overlapping and brought into one.
like freckles and wrinkles,
or paisleys and prints.

hands shrunken with age and -
embroidered with blue veins,
create her new life and wrinkles,
and serenity amongst Time.

— Judith Webster

I entered quietly; softly

So dark was this place, and foreign was the earth beneath my barren feet. The darkness encircled me with gentle. I was not afraid of its touch.

I am held in the womb of the earth, so warm, quiet, a fielding place for all. A niche where nature prevails. A mother to all who enter. Here I sleep.

The deafening thunder and blinding lightening of the sea outside this island had touched me also. But its touch was rough and hard and I shrank to crumble upon its vast pavement and melt under the blazing heat which scorched my flesh. My face had been molded to match the counterparts of all who surrounded me and my eyes were forced to see all that repulsed me. No one saw; no one noticed - - that this was the **Hell** feared by all. Hell, a fiery maze escaped by only a few. A duplicate copy of nature composed of trees towering toward the heavens but held in a cemented cast which smothers them, kills them, but will not let them fall to decay and enrich the earth. Trees with amputated boughs and hollowed trunks and holes cruelly drilled into their sides. All their beauty is lost. They are majesties forced into exile from a kingdom they once knew and loved into a kingdom of confusion where hate gives birth and love is a stranger.

— Barbara Pynchon





sitting in ceremonious circles
we speak of sparrows
certain of soft assurances
in sunday song

— Linda Hynson

chessboard kings - - made of wood
and their chessboard queens
who glare with painted stare
at the chessboard knights and castles
they look so smug in their
hundred-year-old security of dirt
the damn things lie in the box
 beneath by bed
 and curse my dreams
 because I hate them so.

— Anne Rappaport



I come from the smoke stacks
running on broken glass against time

where hungry eyes stare in emptiness
prisoners of twisted minds

where hollow laughter echoes
from the depths of steel furnaces
and the eager wheels turn faster

. . .

he comes to me bearing flowers
my tears like rain on his beard of ivy

I nestle against his mossy head
and his arms enclose me
strong like age-old roots

I feel his breath
the wind in my hair
his tattered clothing scented
with wild growing things

the clouds are reflected in his eyes
his face serene, like stone
his heart beats against my ear

. . .

I have fled the smoke stacks
no longer do I run against time
spiders spin their webs about us
and grass grows between our toes

as shadows deepened
our eyes closed as buds
dreams come of starry blackness
and we never awoke to sleep

— Jane Harlan

... nigger ... negro ... Black ... Militant ... Revolutionist ...
nigger ... negro.

A revolution is going on inside of me
And when it starts churning,
Like Aretha, "I do want to be free."
Not equal man, because I'm already equal.
Step back pale-brain nigger and let the Black Man inside shine.
Look at the beautiful black baby, (crazy world)
His life is sweeter than wine.
A revolution is taking control of me.
It's inside yet it can't wait to be free.
And when it is released and takes control
Pale-brain nigger'll stand back
'Cus black women is taking a hold
She has the courage to win a revolution
And the day we rise up (as I plan)
We trade pale-brain nigger
in for a real black man.

— Joyce Johnson

To sister Angela "Tamu" Davis



An old man deeply settled into his chair,
Sits with watchful eyes,
As the world before him
Drifts by.
Quietly, dust settles on old shoulders.
It is greeted with a smile - - -
His bones are tired from playing childish games
he knew he could never win.
How can you win when you are playing against
the world?
So, now he sits in a chair and is content
that
he has earned his rest.

— Merry Weidenman

recorder
 stained rough with rain
 bleached grey by sun
the wind plays laughing
 branches and leaves
with ancient fingering

— Jeffie Bloch

WRONG END OF THE UNIVERSE

I
think
I am lost
How strange
I thought all I had to do was go straight ahead on that moving
sidewalk
Easy
But it was going so fast
One second per second
And the more I thought about it the faster it seemed to go
But I thought too much and
Didn't pay attention
And
Tripped!
I crashed
On
My face and
Somersaulted
Rolled
Tumbled
Banging my head over and over
It was going so fast I couldn't get up
JUMP!
I
Leapt
And
Was
F
A
L
L
I
N
G

It was pitch black
I couldn't see a thing
But I
Was still
Cartwheeling
Through the void
But then I slowed down
And slowly drifted seeing blackness and feeling a very soft wind on
my

Cheeks
Off to one side I saw a tiny orange speck
That grew larger
It was coming towards me like a distant comet
It came closer
And
I could see it
Was a man
With an orange head
Going very fast without moving a limb
He was upon me
And I saw
He had two tiny
Fires
Where his eyes would have been
The glow gave him an orange countenance
He slashed at me
And
Sent me spinning again
The slap on my face
Echoedechoedechoedechoed

But he was gone in an instant like a locomotive in the distance
Soon I was just drifting again
The black had greyed into an omnipresent thick fog
And
I could make out a gentleman in a tuxedo walking towards me though
There was no ground under his feet
He had no eyes but
Two
Eye shaped
Light blue
Brightly glowing
Ever flowing
Spots
That lit his face blue
He reached out and touched me
And
Chilled
Me
So
That I recoiled in terror
And
He disappeared
Someone tapped me on the shoulder
But still so
Frightened
I spun
Around
And almost struck a
Kindly looking old man
In rags
With diamond eyes
Who proffered me a large dazzling diamond and tapped twice his
head

But I was crazed and
Turned wildly
And ran off
It was lighter and I could
Make out shadows
And standing behind a shadow was a beautiful long haired woman
She was naked
And her body glowed red-pink lightly
And she had
Green luminescent eyes that
Moved busily within themselves
I stopped running and walked to her
She kissed my lips
And her eyes

exploded

Flashed so green brightly as the sun
That I staggered backwards hands over my eyes and toppled to my
back

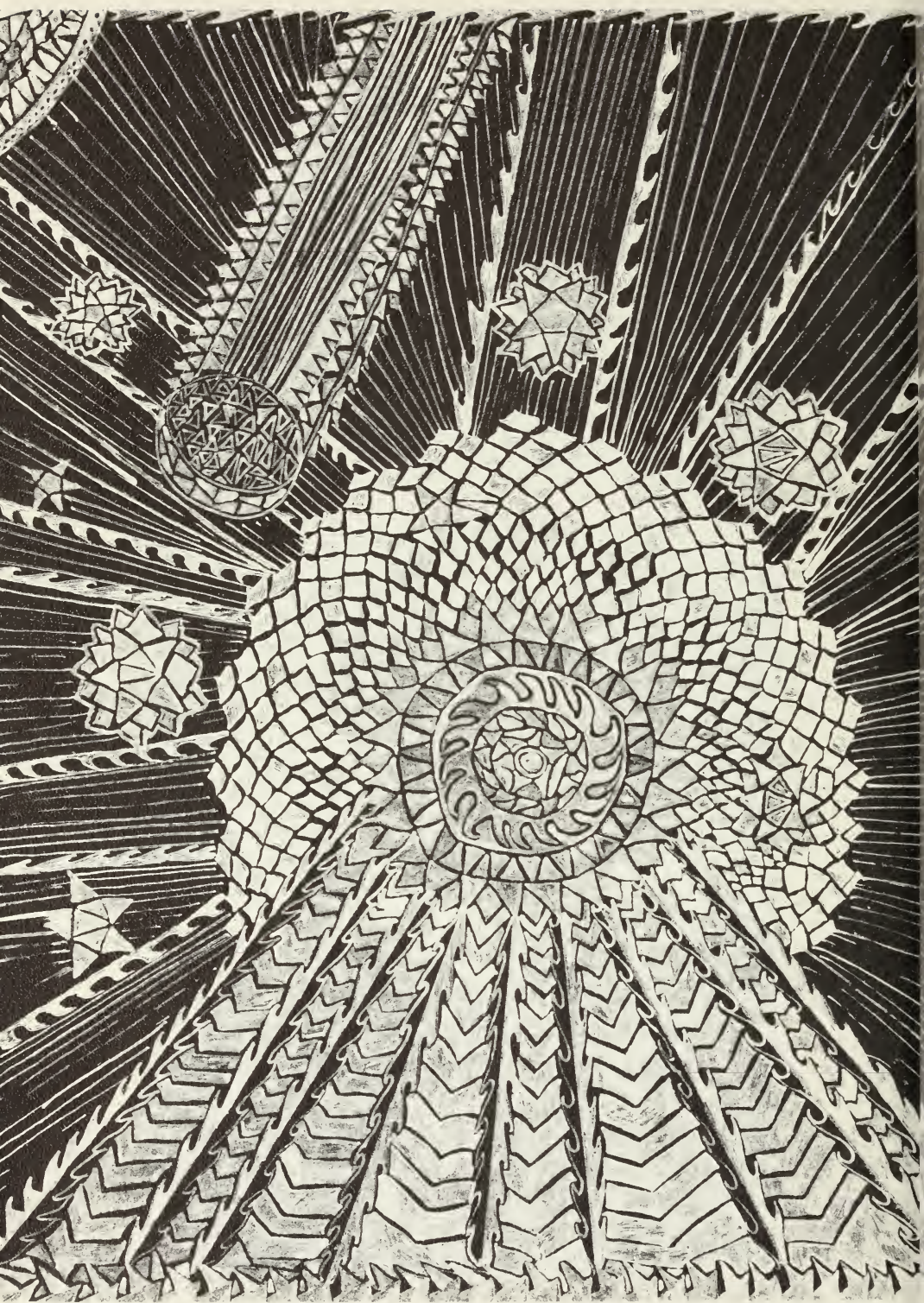
When I blinked
She was gone
The fog had shrunk
And I could see billions of stars about me
Tiny dots
None close all far away
But on all sides
The galaxies suspended
And that is now
I stand here
And see no one
My heart is beating slowly once more
I am standing motionless
But my feet touch nothing

Wait
What's that?
Nothing
Yes something
Something different
It's my heart it's beating slowly faster
What's that?
I can hear a giant's whisper breathing
I turn nothing there I can hear it
A snare drum a single beat
Another
Another
Faster faster
That breathing
What is this?
Space is vibrating throbbing
What?!
Stars trembling
A rustling a wind
The void rears back
A giant beating of wings is upon me
I turn just in time to see it
It's passed!
No! No!
Wait come back!
It's gone

I run after it it's gone
My hurried footsteps echo against marble floors that aren't underfoot
My cries resound against
High walls and halls
Of galleries
In empty museums
That aren't either
I pause
The stars get no closer
But I'll find it
Try that way

— Daniel Stone





souls are vibrating
whining in the midnight
waiting for the dawn
to bring light on shadows

the shadows fade away
replaced again
soon to follow a new
but similar path
winding, entwined
but alone
separated in soul
together in judgement
alone in sentence

— lillian coolidge

we knew, you and i, the secret of the day
and kept it tucked quietly under each others arms
all around us they bustled and strolled each
in his time of day
while we watched on . . .
we had conquered the race of
the minutes and hours and days
and knew the questions which
had no answers
but
were only fun to ask . . .
rather than eat the oranges,
pears and pomegranites,
we lounged in the maple
frame of
an autumn day
and melted back
into the painting
at the busy sidewalk
display

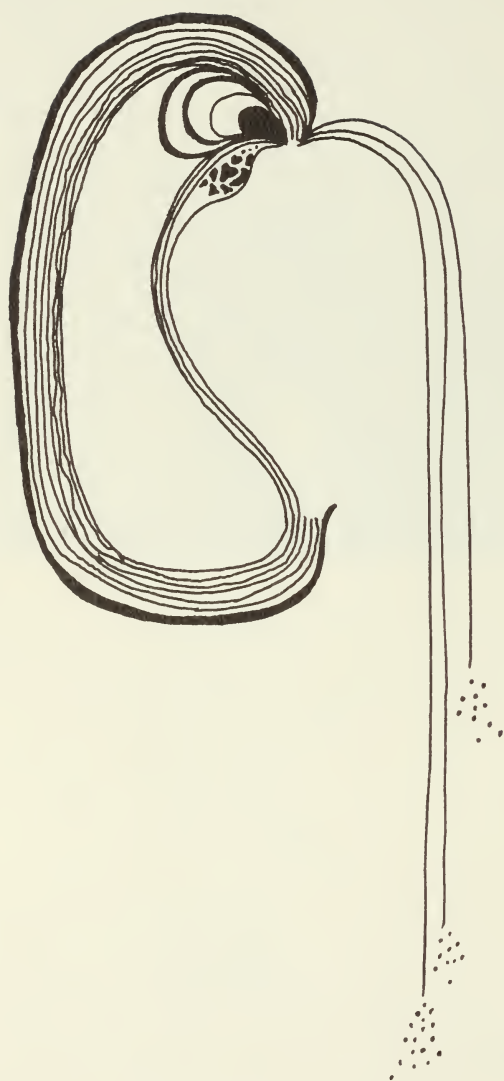
— Linda Hynson



we have learned
how to walk
straight and we
have learned how
to fall down.
how to feel
tears and how
to touch hands.
most of all
you are part
of me now
and I love you.

— Lynn Comley





SHIP UP AND SHAPE OUT

WORD MOVIE. NARROW BAND OF LANGUAGE IN A SPECTRUM OF TRUTH, ONE SIDE OF A CUBE. HOLD ON TO SOMETHING AND HOLD ON TIGHT, CAUSE I AIN'T FLYING THIS PLANE NO LONGER. PILOT TO CREW, PREPARE FOR DITCHING. EVERYTHING I TOUCH TURNS TO FICTION. AND WHY IS TONY CURTIS ONE OF MY CONTEMPORARIES? SPEECH IS A MOTOR ACTIVITY, NUMB SECRETARIAL RESPECT FOR THE SYSTEM INCOMPREHENSIBLE IN TOTAL SHAPE DIMENSION ONE HUNDRED GALLONS OF EGG YOLKS HIT HIM IN THE STOMACH AND HE LEFT, INSULTED.

What the hell should I eat. I'm hungry as an ox and say, what is this poverty routine, where's the food? Drinking water to distract my stomach. Oh, fritos, salad, pudding, potato chips, introduce me to your friends there, Tom. Is that a ball of lint or an insect or what: motionless little wad the color of a sidelong glance? OVERLAND AUTOMOTIVE SNAIL, THAT'S ME DOING FIFTY ON THE SUPERDULL STATE ROADS THROUGH INDIANA AND IOWA LOOKING FOR A BIG CITY OR A HITCHHIKER OR A NATURAL WONDER. THE SEAWEED SMELL OF GASOLINE RUSHING RUSHING LIKE ADRENALIN. I'VE BEEN IN THIS SNOWSTORM BEFORE: AIRPLANE DOT IN THE RAGING SUNSET, SUDDEN DROP OF TEMPERATURE. MEET ME IN COLORADO AND IN MINNEAPOLIS AND SOMEWHERE IN VERMONT. IT CAN BE DONE, IF NOT NOW THEN LATER, A MONTH OR TWO PERHAPS, SOMEWHERE ELSE, MAYBE SOME OTHER PERSON, TWO OTHER PEOPLE. THE HIGHWAY IS A LIE. SORT OF LIKE THIS ETERNAL TV SHOW SPONSORED BY GENERAL MO-

TORS. YOU GET NUMB: SHOCK ABSORBERS, PROTECTION FROM THE WIND. TOUCH IS SECEDING FROM THE PROGRAM. I MUST STRESS THE IMPORTANT DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE SEDENTARY MAMMAL AND THE HIGHWAY MAMMAL. THEY ARE IN THE PROCESS OF ADAPTING TO DIFFERENT ENVIRONMENTS.

The hermit crab strolls into the used shell lot and picks the funk-iest vinyl-roofed chrometrim model he can equirm into, if ya gotta be a prisoner ya might as well get the best jail. The air flow has left him bald after millions of generations, so he wears a tooled steel toupee. He stops at the red light and leers whats-happening-momma at the policewoman. She scowls and cites him for fondling the gear shift too long.

DEALING WITH REALITY ON AN ENCOUNTER BASIS. FIGHT INTELLECTUAL PATTERNING, RETREADING OF PRIOR RHYTHMS, RETREADS FALL APART AT HIGH SPEEDS, you know. In game gone to victory-defeat, my score is an imaginary number and the fans all lose. Paramutuel tickets all over the bleachers. Oh I'm so hungry. Ice cream sodas, hamburgs with chocolate sauce, bubble gum, macaroni, and chesse pizza, lettuce, english muffins, cereal, (I'm getting nostalgic over another person's memories. Two-vectored time travel, mesh with my) gross bare feet on the gas pedal feeling the illegal vibration of the motor, oh if the cops knew what my sole was doing they'd throw me into a shoe-tree. A VISION OF FUTURE RELIGION: THE WORKSHOP OF METABOLISM. MYSTICS IN THE ALLEYS OF NEW YORK SHOOTING EXOTIC FLUIDS, THE CABALA OF VALENCE ELECTRONS AND DIPOLE MOMENTS, REACHING DOWN INSIDE TO THE SMALLEST GRAINS OF EXPERIENCE, THE SINGLE PHOTON STRIKING THE RETINA, THE BUZZ OF ONE OXYGEN MOLECULE AGAINST THE EARDRUM. Death valley failures strung out on dry roadbeds, shells and bones, shacks and junked cars sinking to the center of the earth. I HAVE SEEN

ONLY THE BAREST MINIMUM OF ALL THAT I MIGHT HAVE SEEN AND IT HAS BURNT MY EYES LIKE THE SUN ITSELF. AFTERIMAGES REBOUND IN PEACOCK BLUE OVER AND INSTEAD OF WHATEVER IT IS THAT YOU WANT TO SHOW ME. IT WILL BE A RELIEF TO RUN OUT OF GAS AND STAND UP, TESTING SHAKY KNEES THAT HAVE STORED THE TREMOR OF THE FAST ROAD ALL THE WAY SINCE CHICAGO OR WAS IT MONTREAL. (I have lost whatever locatability I ever had, there is only here, only the handing of a five to the pumpjockey only wondering why he didn't clean my windshield only wondering what my sedentary friends are doing.)

EVERYTHING I TOUCH TURNS TO FICTION.

TREES ARE BLOOMING IN THE VALLEYS NOW, THOUGH THE SLOPES ARE STILL BARE AND DRAB. TINY INSECTS WITH GLASSINE WINGS BUZZ IN MY HAIR LIKE IN AN AL CAPP CARTOON. BUT WHAT THE HELL. SOMEWHERE SOMEONE IS LIGHTING A MATCH UNDER APOLLO FIFTEEN AND TIBETAN MONKS WHO HAVE NEVER SEEN THE OCEAN MEDITATE ON THE VOYAGE TO THE CENTER OF THE SOUL. LITTLE OWLS, GOD, JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES, THEIR EYES BROADCASTING SOUL SENSITIVITY, TALK AMONG THEMSELVES. I HAVE NEVER SEEN THEM. I HAVE NEVER SEEN THEM. I HAVE NEVER SEEN AN OWL AT ALL, EXCEPT FOR ONCE I SAW A STUFFED OWL IN AN OFFICE AND IT WAS COVERED WITH DUST. IF I STOP MOVING WILL DUST GET INTO MY FEATHERS, TOO? I THINK SO, I THINK I'D BETTER GO, FUGITIVE ABNORMAL HALF-BREED MAMMAL ON THE RUN HIDING IN HIS SPEEDING TIN CAN RETRIEVED FROM THE JUNK HEAP IN A SELF-PROPELLED PANIC to save the present racing around like a dutchboy with an overdose of thumbs.

After the scent has drifted away from my path iridescent with life, sweat, and high octane vapors in a heat-induced jitterbug singing the song of gypsy magic, future indefinites where the giant sky and land press the asphalt into road wine and we drink and sing old rock and roll and richen the dirty windshield with the only possible sunset long after the last gas station and the red bleeping lights of broadcast towers and fellow travellers wearing the same electromagnetic coat I was given as an American Child, along with my TV antennae and complete program of orthodontia: THE HIGHWAY IS A LIE.

THE HIGHWAY IS A LIE, THE MAP IS NOT THE LAND.
THE CONCRETE TREAD, THE BANKED CLOVERLEAFS
AND RED IRON OVERPASSES, THE EXIT RAMPS LEADING
TO BLACK HOLES IN THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN; AND THE
TOLLS, LORD, THE TOLLS, OLD MEN MAINLINING THIS
CARBON MONOXIDE MYTHOLOGY, HOLY SEERS AND
THE HIGHSCHOOL CASH REGISTER TENDERS IN ALL
THE HOWARD JOHNSONS IN ALL OF THE BONDED AND
LIMITED-ACCESS ROADWAYS AND ALL OF THE ARTER-
IES AND SNACKJOINTS AND REST AREAS THE RACKS OF
SUNGLASSES AND MAPS AND OWLS AND DECAL FLAGS'
KIDS POINTING AT YOU THROUGH THEIR REAR WIN-
DOW KIDS PRENATAL CONVERTS TO THE HIGHWAY.

That's me doing seventy-five through Syracuse.

That's me doing seventy-five through Warren, Ohio.

That's me at the border arguing for my citizenship and that's me changing my front right tire and that's me checking my body at the rent-a-locker in Kansas City, bye. See you in Andover and Camden, next fall or later, somewhere else.

—Bob Horvitz

You covered my eyes with words
until I cried "I give up - who are you?"
and frantically wrenched the layers of deception away.
You are an artist of image
painted your mind with it.
I discover a flaw wide enough to squirm through
only to find another fairy tale
your "castles" are tenements
the "wild mountain wood" is caged in fences
Even when I reach your core
shatter the tiny smooth blue pebble found there
search among the fragments for a fragment of reality
I find only smiling reflections of my own desires.

— Jeffie Bloch



What do you do when you are walking out and it's that moment

of complete whole comprehension

that moment of

lucid pure vision

when you

become the circle

with

no fear

all simultaneous

what are you now?

you are walking out.

— Toddy Walker

Old man don't cry
The flowers have wilted
but in their shadows will grow new
The sunset has faded to gray
but tomorrow will hold another.
She has melted from her dress
but the warmth of her love has not left you
The ocean spray has touched your face
And an open field yours to wander
Have you not been held by wonder and freedom, joy and love?
Old man don't cry
Remember . . . and then flow with the ages.

— Barbara Pynchon





1.

Sister Salvation, she's a pretty gal.
She ain't no alley cat.
She knows how to treat a guy.
In the night, when sweat comes pouring,
And the spines of darkness are
Rippling your mind to scream,
Comes Sister Salvation,
She'll make you feel all right.
Her needle is bright.
Her power is flight.
She takes you from grim city scenes.
She's a pretty gal, fluid and light.
She takes you up and away.
She takes you up and away.

2.

Sister Salvation, she's a mother.
She comes to you and you to her.
She takes you up and away.

But she can not keep you there.
She's got to bring you down.
And you feel her in your blood,
And you know she's coming now,
And you feel your body dying,
As she comes around again,
And she brings you down again,
Down to those same city scenes,
And your mind begins to scream,
But you hardly ever notice,
For she brings you down so quickly,
For she can not do otherwise,
For she lives on fire and death,
For she can not do otherwise.

Sister Salvation, she's a mother.
She takes you up and away.
But she cannot keep you there.

— Brian Davidson

THE ROAD

The road passes through dark forests
where the feelings of apprehension
and doubt are stronger than the trees themselves,
passes through thickets where the
bushes are made to tear at flesh,
where on brown leaves a scarlet bird lies
no longer on the wing -

The road passes through needle sharp pines
and through rivers of snow,
passes beyond friendship and hope
to a frozen land where time is
measured by the pulse of conscience

The road is an uncharted journey through
fields of green grass and apple blossoms -
a journey continued by connecting
the dots in hopes of finding
a recognizable figure.

The road must be traveled - it has
a voice which calls with strength
promising the irresistible and
placing it always ahead, like a
carrot dangling just out of the
donkey's reach.

The white pigeon overhead is a misfit
an appeasement sent by the gods to an angry congregation
who threaten rejection and whose faith is regenerated
by thunder and terror - for they do not
recognize the gaudy display as
but another sidepath
along the road.



If only to tilt the circus cannon upward,
To load myself and join the world above,
To hop the golden chariot
 and freely glide at back seat costs,
While down below an increase in the cannon fare.
To dodge Orion's restless sword,
And say hello to his companion.
To greet the friendly bears
Who only Jupiter could rescue
To strum, just once, the priceless lyre
And interchange the common dippers.
If only to excite the minds of those who
 crane their necks each night.

— Annie Hyde

CHILD'S RHYME

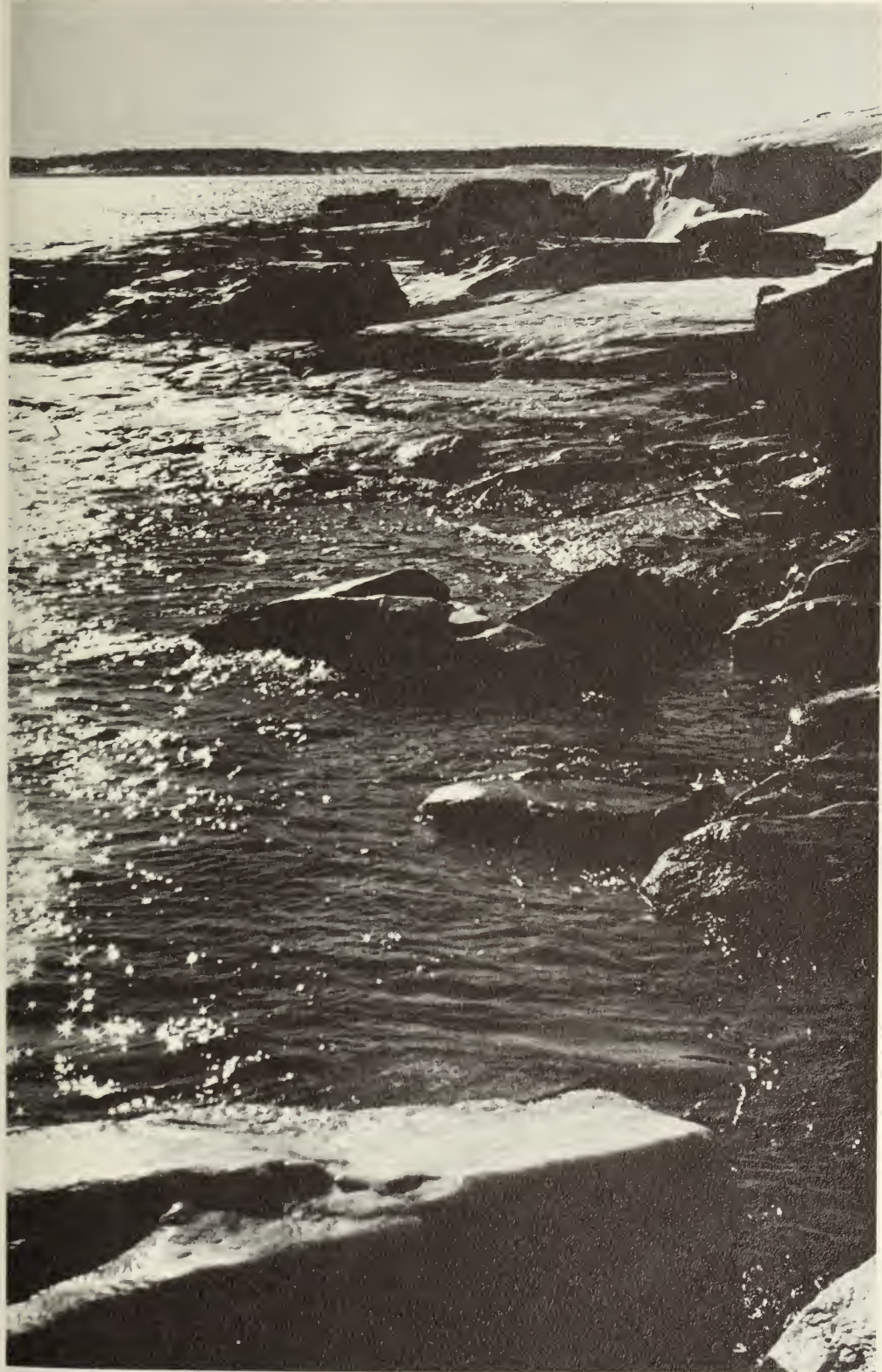
All day long the rooster crows
And know one knows
from where it blows
Only I do and I won't tell.
The clouds are smiling in the sky
Do you know why they
stay so high?
Only I do and
I
won't
tell.

— Helen Coxé



I shatter into
Tiny pieces
The moment I hit
the ground.
(that's no surprise - I was dropped from the top of the cliff -
and you know how high that is . . .)
Most of my fragments
fell
to the road
(they were easy to find)
but the frailer -
and more delicate -
were scattered by
the wind.
(these pieces broke easily)
“pull yourself together”
i will i will i will . . . in time.

It's painful
piecing it back together.
Some pieces are
sharp
and it hurts
when I put them
in place.
It's a jigsaw puzzle
but incomplete -
I've a piece
missing from
the upper left corner.



(It's a tiring process)
I work until dusk
but then -
I stop . . .
for when the shadows are
longest,
the Shadow of Need
falls
upon me, and it's a
large,
dark
shadow
(for the cliff is very high).

“..”
11

Curled upon my bed,
I assume the shape
of an embryo,
wishing, needing
to feel.

It will be a long climb
back
to the top.
I know
I must soon set out
but
I'm suffocating
in a membrane
of despondancy
that engulfs, encloses.
I will i will i will . . . in time

Features contorted,
vision distorted,
my body numb -
my heart
empty.
I stretch my being
I writhe wriggle, twist, turn,
then withdraw -
I pull up,
I curl up -
and I
Wither.

“...”
111

The rain has
stopped.
I yawn
My muscles,
taut and tired,
quiver.
I continue my
journey.

Exhaustion is setting in,
but my spirits
rise
with the sun.
It's been weeks
since I've done
this much
exercise.
It's strenuous,
tenuous,
(but they say
"it will be worth it".)
it will it will it will . . . in time

I should know -
I've been up there
before,
but time has
erased the
remembrance of
past joy.

I can't remember
how the top
of the cliff
looks, but
the bottom is
brown, barren of
life
and
love.
I had to leave it
for it was becoming
a part
of my
mind.

It's almost dark
(and I must sleep)
I'm probably 'bout
half way there.
Now I must rest.
I stand erect, facing
the setting
sun,
its light
blinds me,
and I feel
warm.

— Deborah Huntington



a manchild
with a glass house mind
wisdom gleaming inside
and out.

(polished up daily
with his gift of truth
my gifts of faith)

a wonder to see he was
shining
through laughter-eyes in dusty face
crystal azure light.

transparent clean frightens some,
whose minds are dark and closed
in neglect.

they spit and scratch
and the glow becomes muddy
sunsmiles fewer
salt rain does not disperse brown fog.
gathering choking the light
growing dimmer
dirtier

black.

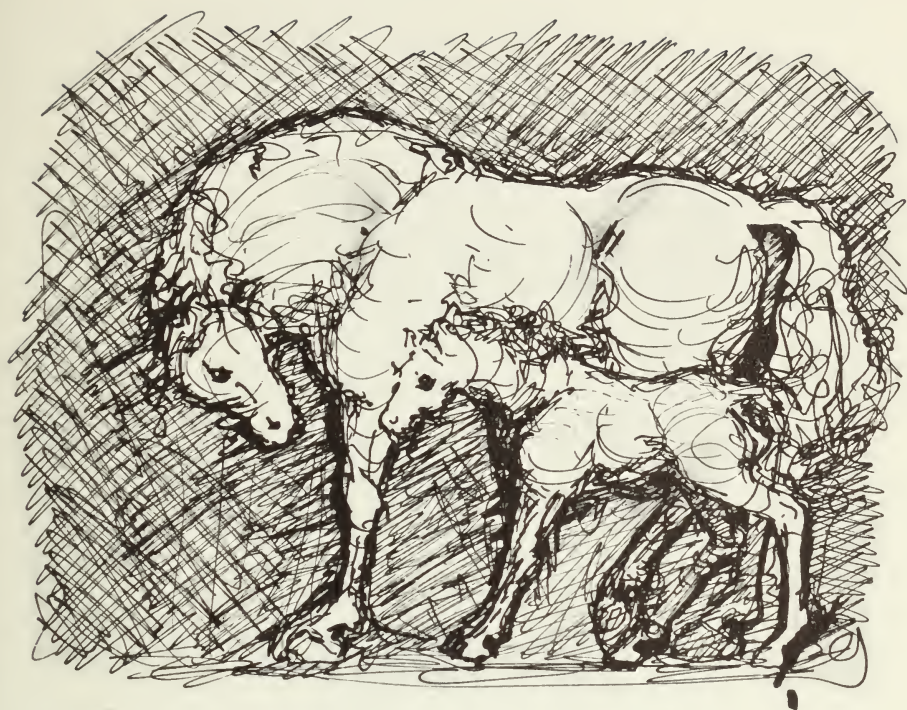
glass houses never seem to last
you know
too impractical, they say.

— Jeffie Bloch

did it leave you with a sour
feeling that night
when i ran away before
you could kiss me
and you suddenly knew that all
i had said was worthless
and i wasn't for real at all
and i wasnt really
the

last
unicorn
but just a lady in disguise?

— Linda Hynson





my spirit changes
with the whispering wind
voices calling to me
i feel like a lost seagull sometimes
i recognize patches of water
here and there
but as if from a dream
i can't remember
the time

— lillian coolidge

"THOU SHALT SEEK ME IN THE MORNING, AND I SHALL NOT BE"

It felt good to be home. Lying in his old bed, counting the squares in the ceiling - it was good to be home. How many years has it been? 12? And all those years nothing but frustration, anger, hopelessness. But now he was safe in his childhood sanctuary, in his own room, in his worn brass bed. Everything was just as he remembered it . . . only a little smaller.

The night before he'd walked up the steep gravel drive to the front gates, and heard the distant roaring of the wind in the pines overheard. It was all so natural to him that it came as a shock to see the rusty locks on the gates. Of course then he remembered what had happened. Now that his parents were dead the entire estate was his. The pain of the city years were falling away one by one with each renewal of the forgotten memory. Here there was no hate . . . no revenge, only quiet . . . and solitude.

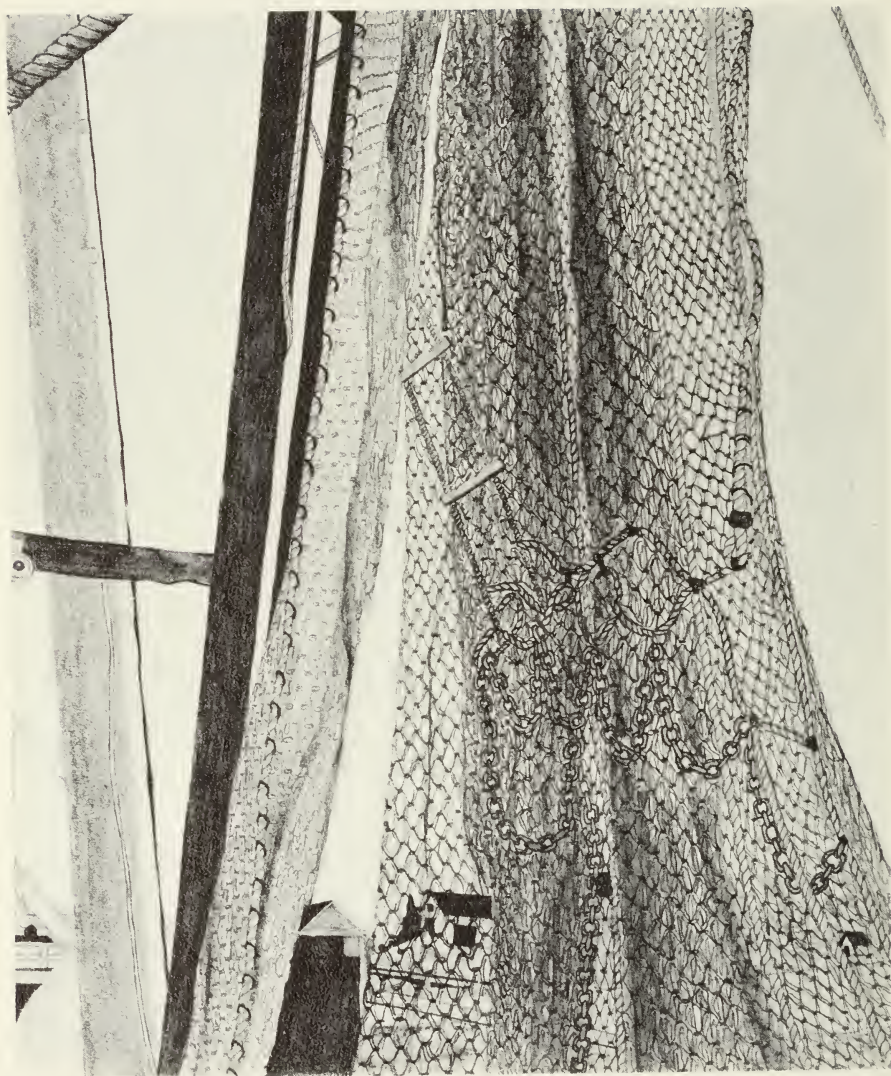
The clock on the landing made a grinding sound and then struck. Seven. He always did wake up early here - he felt as if he'd miss something, **something important**, if he slept later. He jumped out of bed, the old horsehair ticking making the same dry sound it used to, and he walked to the window. The early sun was warm on his cheeks and forehead. Something clicked in his mind - he turned and went to the south window and stared into the thick trees. Far off, a mere dark blur amongst the green and brown of the woods, he could see the Oak. That was where he wanted to go . . . see if it was all the same. Out the door, down the stairs, across the hall and through the front door he ran. He stopped for an instant on the porch to look around. The carriage house, chicken coop, woodshed were all as they should be and he was happy. Jumping the three porch steps, he ran around to the south side of the house. The path was gone, everything had grown up, but that didn't matter - he'd take the long way around. He walked several yards down the driveway, then realizing he couldn't stand the suspense any longer, turned and dashed into the woods. Here in the cool woods was where he had spent most of his boyhood consciousness. This was the only

place he would ever feel secure, loved. Once again he knew the maples were alive and that they saw him, the birches heard him as did every living thing within the green. He paused for a moment and turned around in a full circle. Trees . . . nothing but trees on all sides, stretching out forever. Again he faced southward and bounded off toward the less blurry oak, jumping higher, higher over rotten logs. Up ahead was a brook. As a boy he had tried to jump across, but always he failed and missed the far bank by a foot, sometimes more. Now by God, he'd make it or die. There it was, he could hear the hurried gurgle. He ran, pushed and . . . sailed over with the grace of an animal, landing with a good two feet to spare. With amazement mixed with joy he pranced about for an instant. Then, remembering the Oak, he quickly ran on again, over lichen blotched stones and dappled moss.

The warm sun was higher he knew, but here, under the canopy of interwoven branches and foliage of the trees, it was shadowy and cool. A horned owl, tucked quietly between two tree limbs, blinked sleepily at him, then fluffed up his feathers. It was not afraid of him, but he had no time to spare - the Oak was calling him and he had to go. Over decaying stumps and piles of dead branches he leaped with ever increasing grace and speed. At last he was free - more free than ever in his life and he knew he was going to stay that way forever and - - -

An explosion echoed off the tree trunks, all went black and he crumpled to the earth. The forest held its breath expectantly, as if waiting for the fallen form to rise, but it didn't. Wait, there was a noise! Something was coming - crashing heavily through the dead twigs and fallen leaves. A man...a hunter. Stopping, he bent over the buck in clumsy awe. Christ, what a beauty, he thought. Must be a good six feet from antler to antler. What a price I'll get. The hunter squatted by the animal's head and brushed away some leaves that had fallen protectively over the face. He yanked his hand back with the sudden realization. He frowned . . . strange . . . it had blue eyes . . .

— Helen Coxé



A hand is rattling through the windows
 threatening those ignorant of its love.
It draws me by the mind.
Flying to solitude
 yes, we fly to make love
isolated on an open hill
it caresses
fingers in my hair
exhale death
 inhale life
breathing breathingbreathing
dancing with me
teasing my body
Aware of the violence I flirt with
I have seen the ruin wreaked in its fury
this life force
I cannot forget its beautiful voice
scours the rust from my soul.

— Jeffie Bloch



only so small a light
 remains now,
 only there so softly in the backest
 corner of “my” mind.
your memories
 now a soft corduroy
 worn where my fingers have
gently remembered them,
 torn and tattered yet
 my prizest possessions,
i love you
 can you hear me?

— Linda Hynson

For those who left behind
after the parade
there is
 confetti
 rice
 balloons
 and stale goodwill, Empty streets
For those who make amends . . .
after the parade
there are
 broken bottles
 flags
 stray dogs
and lingering smiles.
 Vacant bars.
For those who remain behind
after the parade
there is
 peace
 quiet
 beggars.
and withering flowers.
Dirty alleyways.

— Helen Coxé



A READING IN UNLOVE

Once on a yellow paper with green lines
he wrote a poem
and he called it "chops" because that
was the name of his dog
and that's what it was all about
and his teacher gaven him an "A" and
a gold star
and his mother hung it on the kitchen door
and read it to all his aunties
that was the year father tracy took
all the kids to the zoo and let them
sing on the bus
and that was the year his baby sister
was born with tiny toenails and no hair
and his mother and father kissed a lot
and the girl around the corner sent
him a valentine signed with a row of x's
and his father always tucked him
into bed at night
and he was always there to do it.



Once on a white paper with green lines
he wrote a poem
and he called it "autumn" because
that was the name of the season
and that's what it was all about
and his teacher gave him an "A" and
told him to write more clearly
and his mother never hung it on
the kitchen door because it had just
been painted
and the other kids told him that
father tracy smoked cigars and left
the butts in the pews
and that was the year his sister got glasses
wth thick lenses and black frames
and the girl around the corner laughed
at him when he went to see Santa Claus
at Macy's
and the kids told him why his
mother and father kissed a lot
and his father never tucked him in
bed at night and he got mad when
he got mad and cried for him to do it.

Once on a paper torn from his notebook
he wrote a poem
and he called it "question marked
innocense" because that was the name
of his girl
and his professor gave him an "A" and
a strange and steady look
and his mother never hung it on
the kitchen door because he never
showed it to her
that was the year father Tracy died
and he forgot how the end of the
"apostles creed" went
and he caught his sister necking on
the back porch
and his father and mother never
kissed anymore or even talked
and the girl around the corner
wore too much makeup and made
him cough when he kissed her, but he
kissed her anyway
and at 3 a.m. he tucked himself in bed,
his father snoring soundly.

That's why on the back of a pack of
matches he wrote another poem
and he called it "absolutely nothing"
because that's what it was about
and he gave himself an "A"
and a slash on each damp wrist
and he hung it on the bathroom door
because he couldn't reach the kitchen.

—Cathy Curtis



i will walk now
not long
not short
a beach walk
till i find
a blue
a red
a purple
a green
beach glass
i will walk

— Lynn Comley

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